



I, Robert Michie, was born at a place called Inbushlaw near Aberdeen, Scotland, 29 February, 1820. My father was a farm laborer and my mother likewise a farm house servant so I was raised in humble circumstances. At the age of four years I was sent to school and early learned to read and spell in which I took pleasure to be at the head of my class, which I nearly always kept until I was eight years old when I was hired out during the summer to herd cows from May 26 till November 22, then to school during winter until February 23, hired out until November 22d.

It was during this term I first got acquainted with the milling business for which I had a liking, and after this term I hired out to various farms. Sometimes several years in one place mostly tending cattle, and all other kinds of work on farms until I was 21 when I began to think of what a difference there was made between the single man and those who married. Then the best single man could get from 40 to 50 dollars for six months service with board and lodgings and bedding, a married man with a wife and children could not get so much for a whole year's work with 17½ lbs. of oat meal a week and three pints of milk per day, and a small room with a clay floor. I had known men capable of managing any farm and doing all kinds of work who as single men had taken first prizes in the competitions at the different fairs until they were barred from competition in the different fairs, these things made me think of something else.

I first tried to get an apprenticeship as a mill wright but could not find a master and I found a miller who wanted an apprentice and got bound for four years without wages, only board and lodgings. When I had served three years I got an agreement of one year's time then I could get \$150.00 a year with board and lodging, etc. After working at that business three years I got a chance to emigrate to Africa or Australia. I chose Africa and sailed from London in June 1848 and landed in Cape Town in the latter part of August and soon got employment at my trade but found my employer would not abide by his agreement. Then I tried the tanning of leather but soon left as it was a very nasty dirty business.

I then worked at building a jetty in Table Bay. I was foreman of the loading and hauling department and the time keeper for the teamsters who hauled the materials from the foot of Table Mountain to the jetty which job I kept for three months, then I struck work because another man was doing the same kind of work and was getting his board and lodgings and washing and the same wages and when I asked for the same, an advance in wages I left the work.

I took passage to Algua Bay or Port Elizabeth, there I soon found work on a farm then to manage an establishment on a wool washing and packing shed which job lasted for three years, when the owner died and the place was sold at auction. I could not buy as I had no friend to back my bid as the merchants for whom we had worked the most had died of asthma and the business was disarranged for over a year. During that time I had entered into a partnership with an Englishman and bought a farm. We got more than we bargained for. We bought the Rinderpest and lost 23 cows and 16 oxen in less than six months, but we had learned from a German pope that by inoculating with the matter taken from a sick animal would prevent the well from taking the disease or if effective it would get well. We tried the cure and found it had the desired effect and the farmers and neighbors came and had my partner come to them and "vend their cattle" as they called it and see them through the effects of the operation. As my partner could speak the language he went and they paid him 4/3 of the cattle so we soon had quite a herd again and could trade for horses in the Karroo where the cattle could not be moved to our part as cattle cannot be moved more than 100 miles else there will be from 30 to 50 die of every 100. But it did not prove a good trade as the horses took sick of a pest that goes through that portion of South Africa every few years. They first give a cough and in a short time another harder cough and in a few hours they strangle to death. At that time the mules were free from the disease but I suppose that the same disease has taken off the zebras and quaggas as I see they are nearly extinct in Cape Colony.

About this time I met a Mormon Elder or rather their books and read them and took their advice and betook myself to prayer and got a satisfactory assurance of the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith and his work and in 1854 in December I was bap-

tized, the same day my partner James Cook and his wife were baptized and they kept steady to the gospel while I stayed by them. At first, after being baptized, I felt like I would take a wife and settle down in that country, but soon as it was known that we had been baptized the neighbors began to sneer and make sly remarks and soon began insults and I concluded to start for Utah.

I tried to persuade Mr. Cook and family to come, but they would not but they made such arrangements so I could come and I sailed from Port Elizabeth in the end of October 1856 and I landed in London January 1857. And having accepted an order on a Lawyer in Canterbury I had to go down there to collect it. I there met the woman who became my wife and the partner of my life for $47\frac{1}{2}$ years and we raised six children (and they are all Mormons) and we lost four in their infancy.

The foregoing is a history of the life of my grandfather, written in his own hand just before he died.

I wish to add a few things which I know about my grandfather, some were told to me by his daughter, Alice, others I heard from my father, and I heard grandfather tell some of the things himself.

When Grandfather Michie was a boy, probably in his teens, he worked on a farm near his home in Scotland evidently with another boy. They got their board, lodging and a very meager wage. They seldom got an egg to eat as they were a luxury kept for the boss and his family. Grandpa's fertile imagination figured out a solution to this problem. With a fine needle he pierced a tiny hole in the end of an egg or two and inserted a hair from a horse's mane. When the lady who cooked for the family broke an egg and discovered the hair she was thoroughly amazed. Not being able to figure out a solution as to where it came from, she removed the hair and decided such eggs would do for the hired help. Thus Grandpa and his partner in the trick had eggs to eat.

My mother said that Grandfather pulled this trick again when living in Heber and had a lot of fun watching peoples astonishment when they found a hair in an egg, and their efforts trying to solve the mystery. One of Grandpa's neighbors made this remark, "It's beyond the comprehension of man".

While in Africa or on board ship, he met a young man by the name of Thomas White. This young man had a sweetheart in England. It happened they were traveling on the same ship back to England and Mr. White invited Robert to go with him when he went to call on his sweetheart, Alice Potts, whose family lived in Canterbury. He did so and there met Alice's sister, Frances Potts, who became his wife March 16, 1857, and on March 28, 1857, they sailed from Liverpool, England for America on the ship George Washington.

I heard my grandmother say the Elder who had the saints in charge held a meeting on board ship and promised them that if they would do right and be prayerful they would have a safe and quick journey over the ocean. They made the trip in 21 days and the captain said it was the quickest trip the old ship had ever made and he had traveled the ocean for years. The usual time required for those old sailing vessels was six weeks, some required eight weeks. This was a testimony to all the saints. Grandmother also said she was sick the whole of the way. How thankful they were to get to land. They arrived in Boston April 20, 1857, where all were required to pay a certain sum which left grandfather practically penniless. However, he was able to get employment, the most important was as a foreman in a salt mill which hired quite a group of girls.

In the fall of 1858 their first baby was born, a girl whom they named Agnes Catherine Harriett. Another little girl was born two years later whom they named Eliza Ann Helena. They stayed in Boston about four years and by that time had saved enough so they could buy supplies and equipment to make the trip across the plains and come to Utah.

The men all walked and drove the oxen and the women who were able walked too. Because of improper food little Eliza Ann Helena became ill and died, 26 August 1861, and was buried somewhere on the Sweetwater. Grandpa made a little casket for her out of part of his wagon box. Short grave-side services were held as the caravan had to go on. Grandpa stayed behind to carry rocks and pile them on the grave to keep the wolves from digging up the body. He didn't get into camp until one o'clock in the morning. They arrived in Salt Lake City in the fall of 1861, sometime in September or October.